

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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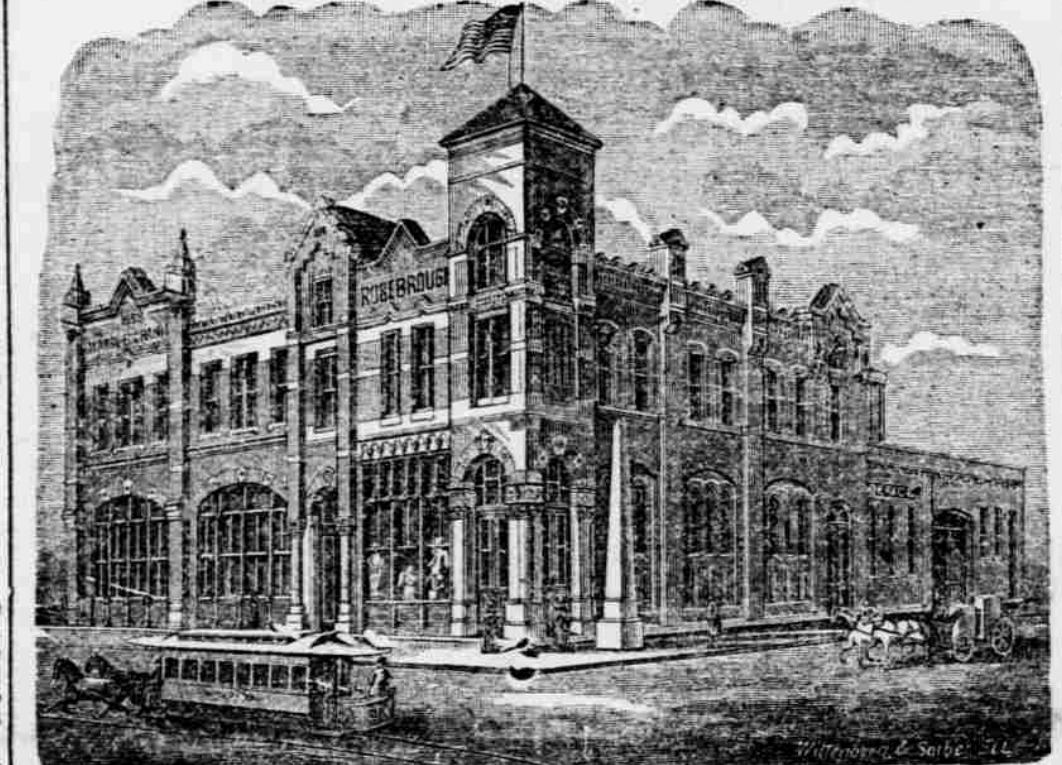
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Goes Out Innomia's Hapless Wight!
In Hunt of Health and Better Appetite!
And Tells Us How He Finds 'Em!

(Letters to my Daughters)
IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK, Ireland, April 8th, 1887.
My Dear Daughter M—
I take the chance of the first leisure hour, after arriving at this place, to redeem my promise of giving you some record of a trip on an ocean steamer.
On the same day after leaving you, I took passage over the Vandalia Route to New York. I would recommend all travelers going East, when about half-way out, to put their watches forward one hour, if they do not want to reach New York ahead of time. You may look this up and find out the reason why.

I reached Jersey City, opposite New York, early Monday morning, in a dense fog. Going on board a ferry-boat, on which there was not even good standing room, we were all, in a few minutes, landed in the great metropolis of America. The day was spent in sight-seeing. First, to the old City Hall, where we found many relics of the old-time: Washington's writing table, army chest, &c., and many paintings of old-time celebrities. The new court house, which cost such a lot of money, stands near, and is in striking contrast with the old building. Near this point is the western terminus of the great Brooklyn bridge, and, boarding a car, I took a ride over it. But a square or two from the eastern end of the bridge stands Plymouth Church, and, of course, that spot, which is the shrine of millions yet to be visited. It is a plain, unpretentious building of brick, remarkable for its spaciousness, and because of having been occupied by the greatest preacher of modern times. Walking over the bridge on my return trip, I had a good view of its immensity. It must be seen to be appreciated. Viewed close at hand and in crossing it, it seems a work of impossibility by human hands. From a point a mile or two distant it seems like a dream in poetry. The elevated street car road is an institution by itself, and a great success. A ride of four miles to the Battery and Castle Garden, a trip to Bartholdi's Statue, and a walk back to the hotel through crowded Broadway, ends sight-seeing for the day.

The day following is bitter cold, and so we keep close to the steam-pipes; not venturing out except to the steamship office, where I learn that the R. M. S. "Republic" will sail on the morning at 9 o'clock A. M.
Promptly at the time appointed, on March 30th, good-byes are said, passengers are all on deck, friends run ashore as the last bell sounds the signal, the hawser is cast loose, and the great ocean steamer moves majestically. It is backwards from the pier crowded and crowded with people. Long after faces or forms can be recognized the waving of hats and handkerchiefs is kept up on steamer and shore; and two enterprising fellows on the pier get up something as big as a blanket and keep it going until blanket, people, pier, and all fade into one indistinct and indistinguishable mass.
I now go in search of a warmer atmosphere, and, strange to say, there seems to be no provision for such emergency. I can find no place where fire can be seen, felt or smelled. The Scotch and Englishmen about me seem to suffer no inconvenience; without overcoats, mufflers or gloves, they go in the most exposed places, and seem utterly content and comfortable.
The wind had been blowing a gale for twenty-four hours, and it is freely predicted that in two hours from leaving the wharf we will strike rough water. This idea carries with it no comfort. However, we all go down to lunch at one o'clock, having as yet no unpleasant experience, except as to cold. Going out of the harbor the objects of interest are the bridge, the shipping and the statue, Governor's Island and Harlem Heights, with two light-houses. Sandy Hook is soon passed; the pilot is taken off; the wind and cold drive all below; the afternoon wanes; the last trace of land and habitations of men disappears. We are well out on the beginning of our voyage; with full head of steam, sails all set, and dinner waiting below.
"My native land, good-night!"
The afternoon has been spent alternately between the "smoke-room" and

the deck—each below freezing point and no fire in sight. Soon after dinner, 7 P. M., in sheer desperation I go to bed with all the clothing I can find "around, beneath, on high," and manage to get a few hours' oblivion from cold.
I will give you now, as near as I can remember, the events of each day until my arrival at this place:
March 31st is but a repetition of yesterday, as regards weather. The wind is favorable for our progress, the cold is intense, and no permanent relief can be had. A temporary relief is found in a visit to the engines and furnace below, but the fresh air is all the fresher from the contrast. The water is a little rough and one shows signs of seasickness. As it happens to be another fellow, it doesn't concern me. With breakfast at 9, lunch at 2, dinner at 7, and tea at 10, the day passes. During the day several steamers are sighted, one or two sailers, and a pilot boat cruising around 500 miles from shore, evidently watching and waiting for some unlucky craft which may need its assistance. The day closes with a couple of hours in the "smoke-room," where a "pool" is being made up on the number of miles to be run by noon of the next day. As you will not be able to understand what a pool is without an explanation, I will try to give you the idea. First, a number of subscribers are obtained, at, say, half a crown each. Then the lowest probable number of miles is determined by the subscribers, the numbers sold at auction—the highest and lowest reserved for the last. The whole amount so raised to go to the holder of the lucky number. Should a less number of miles be made than the lowest number selected, the lowest takes the pool, and ditto in case a greater number of miles be made than the highest number. As this is a phase of gambling universal on ocean steamers it deserves this passing notice. Sir Richard Musgrave, an Irish landlord, traveling for his health—a great many Irish landlords are traveling for their health just now—bought choice of highest and lowest numbers, and choosing the lowest—345—won the money next day, the distance sailed being 334 miles.
The weather is to-night just a shade less uncomfortable than for the past two days—probably because we are nearing the Gulf Stream.

April 1st—The morning opens up beautifully, clear and warmer. The sea-gulls that have been with us from New York are still close in our wake. These are very interesting birds; some of them are full nine feet from tip to tip of wing, and for hours they fly with the speed of the ship without any perceptible movement of their wings.
During the day they cry "There she blows," is heard, and less than a quarter of a mile away is seen the back of a huge whale. It remains in sight but a moment, and sinks beneath the waves. In the whole voyage this is the only inhabitant of the vasty deep that we catch a glimpse of.
No sail is seen to-day. Early the wind changes, and our sails are furled. A bath in salt water and brisk exercise on deck; swapping yarns with new-made friends, and the usual breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea, passes the time pleasantly away.

Our unhealthy Irish landlord again buys lowest number—320—in the pool, and again wins on the day following, on a run of 312 miles, taken by "dead reckoning," as the day is cloudy.
April 2d—The morning is rainy and foggy, with a gale blowing right into the "teeth" of the ship. After breakfast an hour's exercise, a bath, more exercise, and the usual routine. We are now just off the great bank of Newfoundland. Latitude 41.55, Longitude 61.41, 1011 miles from Sandy Hook, or a little more than one-third of the distance to Queenstown.
During the afternoon the weather changes suddenly to intense cold. It seemed to me to be the coldest I ever experienced. About five o'clock a large iceberg is sighted; an hour brings it alongside, and it is seen to be about one thousand feet in length, and one hundred feet out of water. The full height would likely be 300 feet, as two-thirds of it would be under water. An immense inverted Y was shown on one end, formed of rocks and earth, showing where it had broken loose from some ravine or hillside, in the far distant and frigid Northland. A thousand sea gulls had taken possession of the berg, and they seemed to be the sole inhabitants, as we scanned it closely, almost expecting to find a polar bear.
These bergs are a source of great danger to vessels. But a year or two since a steamer went head on into one of them, and only escaped sinking by reason of her water tight compartments, the bow being completely crushed.

Sunday morning, April 3d—After a late breakfast Episcopal services are held, in the main saloon, or dining room, by the Rev. Mr. Dana, a passenger from Minneapolis.
Thursday evening, April 7th—We arrived at Queenstown, at about 7 P. M., making the passage in eight days and seven hours, or, accounting for the difference in time, in eight days and two hours. The steamer did not run into the harbor, but merely slackened speed, and passengers and mail were

taken off in a lighter, i. e., a small side-wheel steamer.
During the afternoon we had been running for several hours near the coast of Ireland, and a more forbidding, lonely looking land it would be difficult to imagine. It gave no promise whatever of the wonderfully beautiful scenery in and around this romantic and beautiful city. As I write I listen to the ringing of the bells of Shandon, celebrated in song and story, and among the oldest chimes in this very old country.

The coast above referred to is entirely treeless, very broken, and rocky, no cultivated fields nor buildings in sight, except some old dilapidated towers which were built at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon, some time about the beginning of the present century. These towers were built with the idea of making fires on their tops, and by this means signaling the approach of the enemy.
At the entrance to Queenstown harbor is a very fine light-house, and two of the strongest forts in the world. On either side the hills are honey combed and filled with casemated forts, artillery of heavy calibre, and all the paraphernalia of war. Just inside is Wedge Island, in the middle of the harbor, and on it is another strong fort, and also a penitentiary. An old relic lies peacefully at anchor near the wharf, the Vengeance, an old-fashioned, three-decker man-of-war. In its palmy days it carried 240 guns, and fought with Nelson at Trafalgar.

We are now landed, and for the first time I find myself in the hands of the customs officers, but I find them very pleasant gentlemen.
The first striking feature I run across after landing is the plentifulness of soldiers. And it does not take me long to learn that Ireland, with three and a half millions of people, has forty thousand soldiers within her borders. While waiting for the train to start I got into a chat with the driver (engineer) about his queer-looking engine which is without headlight, cow-catcher, or cab, and apparently without cylinders, as they are inside the wheels, out of sight, but we are not talking two minutes when a red-coat posts himself right along side of us and plainly intimates that he considers me a suspicious character. The driver has been reciting to me the woes of Erin, but stops short. A run of nine miles brings us to Cork, where I and my companion—who landed at Queenstown with me, a native-born Irishman, but now of New York—put up for the night.
My plan is to go out to Blarney Castle this morning and down to the Lake of Killarney in the afternoon. From there to Dublin and on to the Giant's Causeway by way of Belfast and Portrush. I hope to "do" Ireland in three days, and, if I succeed, will think I have done well. England has been trying the same thing for the past century or two and has not yet finished the job; but it takes an American to show them how to rush things!

My next letter will probably be from Edinburgh (pro. Edin-borough.)
Affectionately, your
PAPA.

"X" Says, Hail and Farewell.
Mr. Editor—Mr. "Farmer" says he is a George man and that I ("X") am a crank, but will grow into a good George man. Now, Mr. Editor I may be the latter, but I do not admit it. But Mr. "Farmer," by the above charge, admits that he is worse, i. e., having evolved from the land of Crankdom to that of Georgedom. Now, Mr. Editor, there is neither honor, glory, nor emolument to be gained by a discussion with a self-confessed "crank," as is "Farmer," therefore I bid him adieu; only, in view of his self assertion and vanity so apparent in all his articles (and so common to cranks, and to half-educated persons) I must quote for his benefit from old Solomon: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."
One's superiority is lost as soon as discovered—by one's self. *Salvo!*
X.

Killed With Dynamite.
Some parties who live 15 or 20 miles down the river, who were in town yesterday, reported that they saw great quantities of dead fish along the river banks that had evidently been killed with dynamite. In places several were found together and the stench emanating was unbearable. It is believed that there are persons, and perhaps parties, on Black River who are making a business of killing fish in this manner which is not only contrary to law, but decency as well. We believe it is a misdemeanor to kill fish in this manner if not a felony. If it be true that these dead fish were killed with dynamite, it seemed quite probable, it will not be long before Black River will be depopulated of the finny tribe, and fishing will be no better in this stream than in streams in more thickly settled portions of the country.—*Popular Bluff Citizen.*

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